

# THE BELL RINGER



VOLUME 50 NUMBER 6

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

JUNE 2, 1993

## Bradford Gioia: MBA's Fifteenth Headmaster

by Robert L. West

Montgomery Bell Academy has been an essential part of my life for the past six years. As I graduate and leave, I want to know, as well as humanly possible, what MBA's future holds.

For the past several months, the question on each MBA student's mind has been, in who's hands will MBA's future rest? Now, I am proud to announce that Mr. Bradford Gioia will begin the 1994-1995 school year as MBA's new Headmaster.

Having read and learned about Mr. Gioia and his record of accomplishments, I have become comfortable about leaving MBA in the hands of this stranger.

The most appealing aspect of Mr. Gioia's receiving the position of Headmaster has been the fact that Dr.

Paschall played a large role in his selection. Dr. Paschall has been my leader for six years, and I know that any individual who was endorsed by Dr. Paschall will lead MBA with distinction in the future.

Born in New York, Mr. Gioia was reared in Florida. He attended Sewanee where, upon graduation, he was recruited by Mr. Bondurant (another former MBA Headmaster) to teach at Darlington School in Georgia. After only two years of teaching English, Mr. Gioia was promoted to an administrative position at

Darlington. Under Mr. Gioia's leadership, Darlington undertook a very successful

than doubled Darlington's endowment.

With his strong leadership, Darlington undertook a building program and a student diversification program. Mr. Gioia has demonstrated through his work at Darlington that he is capable of continuing Dr. Paschall's legacy of bettering MBA.

After reading Mr. Gioia's resume, I was thoroughly impressed with his credentials. Then, when I read a description of Mr. Gioia from a Darlington publication, all feelings of

Besides boasting of his accomplishments, the article mentioned a part of Mr. Gioia's personality that excited me. Three times the writer repeated the phrase that "Mr. Gioia instills a sense of ownership of the school to his students. Emphasizing student leadership and involvement, Mr. Gioia creates an atmosphere of love and dedication by the students and community to the name of the school." Once I had read these words I knew my MBA was safe in the hands of Mr. Gioia.

Today, I will become a Montgomery Bell Academy graduate. I have a deep love for MBA and a deep appreciation for everything MBA has given me. With Mr. Gioia leading MBA in the future, I feel confident this institution, I have learned to love, will flourish.



Bradford Gioia: MBA's Next Headmaster

fund raising program that more

uncertainty left.

## F.C.A. Ends on a Strong Note

by Joey DeLemos F.C.A. President

After working through the intermittent lull of the holiday season, F.C.A. finished the '93-'94 term strongly. Officer elections were held on March 10 to determine the leadership for next year. David Sifford, this year's treasurer, has been elected President for the upcoming year. Stratton Huggins has been elected Vice-President, and J.T. Davenport will be responsible for all of the Secretarial duties. For the eleventh grade, Bill Maggart has been elected treasurer. All of these gentlemen have a strong desire to make next year's F.C.A. extremely successful and are willing to work hard to obtain their goals.

F.C.A. finished the year with several very good guest speakers including Nick Heckinger and William Ewing.

On Sunday, May 1, following a Thursday night meeting, Mr. Heckinger took a small group of F.C.A. members to a local housing development to go street witnessing. Each member gained valuable experience in helping other become stronger Christians and were able to

speak at the last meeting of the year on May 12. His testimony of being a player on a championship team and then losing the opportunity to play is an inspirational lesson in life.

The grand finale for the year, though, came on May 22. The F.C.A. Annual 3-on-3 tournament. This year's competition was as tight as its ever been, even forcing the heavily favored team of Bowers, Morrissey, and Wims out of the tournament. Games were close and the scores were high as the teams of Coles, Williams, and Walker faced Hancock, Dunkerly, and Poe in the final round. The superior team prevailed as Coles, Williams, and Walker walked away with the prize of T-Shirts and the tournament trophy with a score of 50-46.

see other ways in which they could reach out as a community.

Mr. Ewing, a former Pittsburgh Steeler, came to



## Service Club 93/94

by Michael Haslam Service Club Pres.

The Service Club finished up another successful year behind the leadership of this year's president, Michael Haslam. Helped by Vice President Toby Gibson, Secretary/Treasurer Ben Griffin, and Sergeant-at-Arms Erik Daugherty and Randy Howell, the Service Club closed the year with several successful projects. Among these projects were helping the Junior League of Nashville set up tables for their showhouse (where Mr. Regen was asked by several rich Belle Meade ladies if he worked for Party World), working the gates and cleaning up after the Region Wrestling Tournament, and manning the HVAC track tournament held at MBA. The Service Club also helped man the Soup Kitchen for the fourth straight year with the assistance of Mr. Patrick, Miss Lefebvre, and Dr. Springer. Again, the Club was instrumental in the support of Mr. Moxley and his Boys' Club Tutorial Program. The

helpers this year were Bruce Tarkington, Dan Ferguson, Barrett Rose, Robert West, Loren Nash, Jonathan Fly, Jonathan Spencer, Tony Greer, Kit Ozburn, Lewis Jones, Myr Wilson, Doug Kasselberg, and Brooks Martin, in addition to the dedicated officers. Next year's Service Club will be led by Randy Howell, and anyone who is willing to work is welcome to join the club. Thanks for a great year and Roll Red... however you do that.

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- Inside: a special dedication in the memory of Mr. Fred Patrick Wilson

Montgomery Bell Academy



## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

## The Bell Ringer's Final Good-Bye



**Robert West**  
**Editor-in-Chief**

Fifty Years ago someone, I know not who, thought up the witty name *Bell Ringer* and started publishing MBA's student operated Newspaper. Last summer, I was asked to lead this publication.

This chain of events has given me the right to fill the second page of the last *Bell Ringer* of the year with my reflections on the 1993-1994 school year.

I must begin by recounting the two most difficult topics I faced as writer, editor, and student, the deaths of Mr. Owen and Mr. Forehand. I was taught and coached by both of these men, and they will live forever in the hearts of every MBA student.

After the first issue finally arrived at MBA two weeks into the school year, many asked why the *Bell Ringer*, a newspaper with a deadline, was given to Robert West, the man slated to be late for his own graduation? For this question, I can not give an answer. However somehow, largely to the thanks of Mr. Stevens at Eveready Printing and my Mom, *Six Bell Ringers* were completed and distributed to the MBA commu-

nity throughout the year. This was no record, but a typical number of papers of which my staff and I are very proud.

In each issue, my staff and I tried to capture the flavor, thinking, and emotion of Montgomery Bell Academy. Our goal was not to shock the student body into reading the paper; instead, we reported on the events that effected MBA and that we felt needed to be documented.

1993-1994 was a very important year at MBA. It will be Dr. Paschall's last year as Headmaster; it saw the death of two of MBA's most loved teacher-coaches; and the MBA Basketball team journeyed to the State Tournament. Montgomery Bell Academy's new policies of admissions and curriculum came into effect in unison with MBA's new building renovation policy. Finally, new head football and basketball coaches were selected for the 1994-1995 school year.

The changes that occurred this year will undoubtedly have long lasting effects on MBA in years to come. For the documentation of these changes, I leave to MBA the 1994-1995 *Bell Ringer* Staff.

To Ted Callahan, I wish to give a little advice. First, force your staff to be involved with every aspect of producing the paper. I spent many a long night alone at MBA laying out pages; in fact, I have joined the ranks of those

forced to spend the night at MBA to complete a project. Try to make each editor responsible for his section of the paper. Make yourself strictly an administrator and decision maker. Finally, cultivate underclassmen early in the year to succeed you.

I have enjoyed being the Editor-in-Chief of the *Bell Ringer*. The position has its difficulties and rewards, and I will never regret the opportunity to publish this paper. Finally, there are many people I need to thank.

Dr. Griffith has been the best advisor a newspaper could have. He has taught me how to write, advised me on controversial issues, and has been a friend of mine since he came to MBA in 1992. I wish him luck with the 1994-1995 *Bell Ringer*.

Ryan Brukardt and Michael Haslam, Dan Ferguson, and Mr. Moxley taught me how to produce a paper. These individuals spent long nights at MBA helping me make a deadline, and their help is greatly appreciated.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Weaver and Dr. Paschall. Mr. Weaver has been my most reliable source of important pictures and new story information, without which I would have been lost. Dr. Paschall has supported my every decision and given me the freedom to make difficult decisions on my own.

## The Bell Ringer

**Editor-in Chief: Robert L. West**

Copy Editor: Taylor Harris  
News Editor: Jim Bowen  
Opinions Editor: Jason Bennett  
Sports Editor: Andy Barrett  
Entertainment Editor: Brooks Martin  
Special Editors: Dan Ferguson  
Loren Nash  
Ben Griffin  
Ryan Brukardt  
Michael Haslam

Photography Editor: Nathan Lujan

**Advisor: Dr. John Griffith**

**Staff Writers:** Michael Haslam, David Brown, Mark Hardison, Bradley Sloan, Rob Welhoelter, Chris Kuhn, Bill and Daniel McGugin, Stephen Wall, Andy Corts, Clay Risen, Mark Wyckoff, Zach Skipper, Keith Claverie, Joey Delemos, John Roe, Loren Nash, , and Richard Douglas  
**Copy Staff:** Dan Ferguson, Geoff Zimmerman, Matt Berry, Max Fuller, Lee Hampton, Stephen Marler, Michael Risen, Bill McGugin, Daniel McGugin,

## Jason's Final Reflection



**Jason Bennett**  
**Opinions Editor**

To begin with, I'd like to congratulate my successor Chris Kuhn. Chris has been a faithful contributor to the paper over the years and is well deserving of this post.

This month I will respond to Ben Percer's and Charlie Thombs' articles from last issue. First, I'd like to clarify my position on something I feel were misunderstood on. I do not advocate those given warnings having their names released. A warning is a second chance, and nothing should be done to hinder this opportunity. Ben's example of the person in a weak moment is incorrect as

said person would receive a warning.

I find it interesting that revealing the names of wrongdoers, something most legal systems on this planet do, is characterized as "medieval." The fact of the matter is, the Honor Council is not effectively preventing cheating at MBA. Whether more education or more punishment is needed is academic, the fact of the matter is there must be a consequence to violating the honor code. It is much easier to forget about an honor offense if no one knows about it, but much more difficult if people judge your character based on your wrongdoings.

Ben and Charlie also accused me of trying to humiliate people, something else I find somewhat amusing. Is not the posting of demerits humiliating? And isn't humili-

ation a good thing to someone whose ego tells him to circumvent a basic tenet of MBA? Remember, those with warnings would not be revealed, only those hardened criminals who have committed sufficient acts to receive a permanent punishment.

One person I spoke to about this issue said that people should not be revealed "because everyone finds out anyway." If so, why not officially reveal the convict for who he is? If the secrets of the honor council are truly so public, why keep them secret?

In conclusion, a public revelation of Honor Council convicts would go a long way to deterring future crime as well as educating students in the consequences of their actions.

The Bell Ringer  
1994-1995

**Editor-in-Chief: Ted Callahan**  
**Copy Editor: Mark Wyckoff**  
**News Editor: Zach Skipper**  
**Opinions Editor: Chris Kuhn**  
**Sports Editor: Rob Welhoelter**  
**Entertainment Editor: Matt Reasor**

**Photography Editor: Nathan Lujan**

**Advisor: Dr. John Griffith**



## NEWS

## Juniors Capture Seuss During Prom 1994



**Andy  
Corts**

**Junior  
President**

On the night of Saturday, April 23, expectations were high. The Junior Class had boasted of their efforts and their soon-to-praised accomplishments. Each junior promised this prom to be one of the best ever and for those attending it was. The night started with a new twist. A reception was held in the P.M. Estes Courtyard. This reception served as a meeting

place for hungry seniors and their dates. Next came for seniors, the traditional dinner and roast in Frist Hall, which had, surprisingly enough, been transformed into a restaurant superior to the likes of Arthur's or Mario's or at least it was better than Taco Bell. Senior's expectations were surely fulfilled with the qual-

ity of food and atmosphere. Concluding the dinner was the Senior Roast. While I personally found the event extremely offensive and beyond the limits of good taste, the seniors bragged about the hilarity of the roast. Despite Will Hickerson's efforts, once again the roast met the seniors' expectations. Because Michael Haslam is our

but, the juniors and I know that it was because of Chris Kuhn's, along with the other juniors', artistic abilities. The theatre had been decorated to its fullest with the Dr. Seuss characters and the scenes. The colors and creativity of the set left the viewers giggling throughout Presentation. Everyone watching Presentation left it with a smile. Many

parents and students who had previously attended Harpeth Hall's Prom said that they felt more comfortable with this theme and set. Presentation was followed by the actual prom dance in the Brownlee O. Currey Gymna-



role model, he should be publicly humiliated for his blatant display of arrogance, crudeness, and vulgarity. Next came Presentation, which took place in the Paschall Theatre. The staging, lighting, and sound provided by Ryan Brukardt and Brooks Martin left people in awe. Many seniors felt their dates left the crowd in awe;

sium. A great time was had by all dancing to the music of Mel and the Party Hats. The funniest moments at the dance were had when the students noticed TEACHERS getting down and dirty on the dance floor. Overall, MBA's prom night was one that will be full of many pictures and memories and it was peachy keen.

## Three Inducted in Spring Tapping of Totomoi



**Taylor  
Harris**

**Copy  
Editor**

On May 19, MBA conducted the Spring tapping for Totomoi, MBA's honorary fraternity. Membership in Totomoi honors students, teachers, and friends of the school who demonstrate outstanding service and devotion to MBA. Students become members through excellence in several areas, including academics, athletics, forensics, leadership, organizations, publications, citizenship, dramatics, and other extracurricular activities. Robert West

and Jim Bowen, members from 1993, and Taylor Harris and Michael Haslam, who were inducted along with Dr. Paschall in the Fall tapping (which occurred in late March), were in charge of the ceremony. Highlights of the day included Robert West's search for his inductee and of course, Michael Haslam's

phantom disappearance and agile catwalk across the grid, thirty dangerous feet above the rest of the student body. After the tapping had concluded, there were three new members in Totomoi: Jonathan Fly, John Farringer, and Rob Welhoelter. Have fun next year.

## Project Graduation Prepared for June 2 Departure



**Jim  
Bowen**

**News  
Editor**

get.

Every high school senior looks forward to graduation night as the culmination of an outstanding high school career. Unfortunately, these celebrations can often turn tragic when alcohol, drugs, or simple poor judgement are introduced. This year, MBA seniors have another option, an evening of just as much fun and entertainment in a guaranteed safe environment void of drugs, alcohol, or tobacco. This year, MBA is again sponsoring Project Graduation, a nationwide project that provides seniors with a safe graduation night celebration.

Project Graduation is a nationwide experiment that was first tried at MBA in 1991. Since then, it has become another MBA "tradition," a night that is looked forward to by every MBA student. The absence of drugs and alcohol has simply bolstered the popularity of the night both with parents for the obvious safety reasons and with the students who only want to have fun.

To guarantee safety, all students and their dates pledge to stay away from any tobacco, alcohol, or drug for the night. They may not leave and return, and if someone does leave early, their parents are immediately notified. If anyone does show up under the influence, they are immediately escorted home. For those who stay (in the past, no one has left or been forced to), the rest of the evening will be an experience never to for-

This year, Project Graduation is being sponsored by Pam Sloan and Mary Anne Harris. A steering committee of ten seniors has been involved in all stages of planning, as well as MBA teacher and guidance counselor Mr. Jim Poston. This year, the party is set for June 2 at the Vanderbilt Stadium Club. The theme is a "Night on the Seas" aboard a cruise ship. There will be a casino with prizes for those who win the most, as well as a complete corps of dealers. The band is Familiar Faces, and there will also be an allusionist/comedian later in the night. Two large TV's will be set up complete with SEGA Genesis, and there will of course be plenty of food. To top the evening off, prizes will be awarded each hour on the hour, with a grand prize of \$1000 to be awarded at the end of the night. All seniors are guaranteed a prize, anything from CD's to micro-waves to the cash. The prizes are secondary, however, to the enjoyment had by all. By the end of the night, everyone will have danced eaten and had tons of fun, yet they will all be sober and safe. Moreover, the seniors can enjoy one final night as a class, remembering old times and dreaming of the future. Never again will the whole class be together, and there can be no better way to bring a high school career to an end than with all your classmates. Graduation night is a special time for all seniors. At MBA, we are just trying to make that night a little more memorable, and guarantee many more special days in the future.

### Congratulations to Montgomery Bell Academy's Region Track Championship Team and State Competitors

Robert West 2nd Decathlon  
J.W. Felch 5th Pole Vault  
Buck Blair 6th Pole Vault  
Taylor Harris 8th Mile  
Scott Denbo

**The Seniors Would Like to  
Thank the Project  
Graduation Steering  
Committee for their Hard  
Work Preparing for  
Graduation!**



## NEWS and SPORTS

## MBA SOCCER ENDS SEASON 10- 5-1



**Andy Barrett**

**Sports Editor**

After starting the season with two victories, the remainder of the year was a roller coaster for the MBA Soccer Team. In early April the team competed in the Franklin Invitational. A disappointing 2-0 loss to Franklin was redeemed by a 3-2 triumph over Notre Dame. Then, in its second district match of the season,



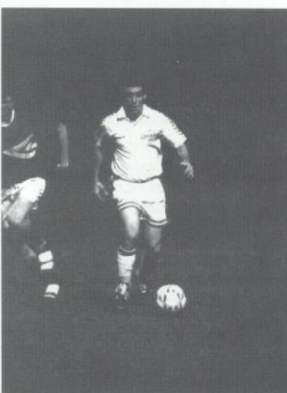
MBA smashed Overton by netting six second half goals, two of which came from striker Edward Jack.

Next on tap was long-time rival Brentwood, a team that carried a number two state ranking team at the time. The Big Red claimed two timely goals in the first twenty minutes of play. From here the Red concentrated on playing defense for the remainder of the game. With just ten minutes remaining in the second half, the Bruins came up with their first goal of the contest. Several minutes later

MBA answered with its clenching third goal. Thanks to miraculous goalkeeping by freshman Scott Blount, MBA held onto one of the greatest victories in MBA Soccer history.

Later that week

MBA went on to defeat Hillsboro in an important 1-0 game. The team continued its roll when it went to USN



to play the next week. After a 1-1 tie at the half, USN scored the game-winning goal. MBA suffered its first district loss of the season.

MBA followed up this low point with two impressive matches against Gallatin and Hendersonville. J.T. Davenport's goal against Gallatin locked up another

1-0 victory for the team. Then the Big Red tied a talented Hendersonville squad (1-1), with the opponent scoring the equalizer late in the second half. On the last day of April, MBA dominated FRA on its way to a 5-0 victory. An all-important against Hillwood became the focal point in the district race. The piquant Hillwood squad prevented MBA from scoring in the first half. However, midway through the second half, Paul Wiek's quick dribbling set up MBA for the only goal for the team.

MBA won 1-0.

These matches were once again followed by a low point. McGavock defeated MBA (2-1) on its home field for the first time in many years. MBA then took on

Ryan in MBA's final match of the regular season. The team was never in this one, as MBA embarrassingly lost 6-0.

After the Ryan match, the District Tournament was at hand. After winning 3-0 over CPA, the Red lost to USN in the semi-finals.

This loss marked the first time that MBA did not reach the Sub-State game in three years. The final record for the team stands at 10-5-1.



## MBA Mock Trial Faces Tough Opposition in State



**Michael Haslam**

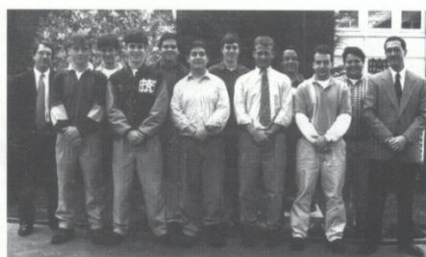
**Witness**

MBA's Mock Trial team enjoyed another great year of success. The case involved a man, Terry Bell, accused of inciting a riot and accused of setting fire to buildings owned by a controversial religious community, the Believers, in the fictitious town of Southpoint, Tennessee. The prosecution was headed by co-counsels Bradley Coburn and John Farringer, who used witnesses Bill Siesser, J.T. Davenport, Michael Haslam, and Bill Wilson. The defense was lead by Robert "Don't call me Bobby" Hartman and Will O'Hare, and witnesses, Bill Siesser, Jimmy Rupley, Michael Haslam, and Paul Thompson. In the City Meet, The first Team went unde-

feated including a victory over Harpeth Hall. However, the heads of the Mock Trial Universe decided that it would be better not to powermatch, or to decide the winners based on record, but to use the average point total in each round to decide the victors. With this newly created

system, MBA came in a close second behind Harpeth Hall. During these trials, the Big Red second team did not have as much success, but they had a more interesting time, as Marshall Brandt objected to his own witness's testimony. Stephen Ward did not remember what he had said in his witness statement because he "had recently been in a car accident and was taking strong

medication at the time," and Bruce Tarkington claimed that



he was able to know over one thousand people intimately because he is "special." The only zany incidents involving the first team were that Bobby Hartman had put his contact lenses in backwards and could not see for the first trial, and during practice for the state some hoodlum broke into the courtroom and broke the microphone stand while our coach was out of the room and

made a pitiful attempt to glue it back together (if you have any information about this dastardly deed call Crime Stoppers at 74-Crime, you won't have to identify yourself). In the State Tournament, the Big Red machine rolled and

rolled and rolled some more over the Chattanooga Home Schoolers, Greenville (where J.T. Davenport said that to mirandize someone is not to read them their rights but to say the pledge of allegiance), and Science Hill, until we lost to McCallie (the eventual State Champs) in the fourth round. The Mock Trial team ended up with a respectable third place finish in the state. Again this season would not have been as enjoyable or successful as it was without the tireless efforts of our coaches Wade Cowan and Joe Mouer.

### Congratulations to 1994 Cum Laude

**Seniors:** Andy Barrett, Jim Bowen, Ben Corbett, Joey DeLemos, Hugh Gaston, Mark Hardison, Taylor Harris, Michael Haslam, Anton Hie  
**Juniors:** Ted Callahan, John Farringer, Martin Gilmore, Eric Himmelfarb, Freddie O'Connell, Rob Whelhoelter

## FEATURES

## Last Wills and Testaments

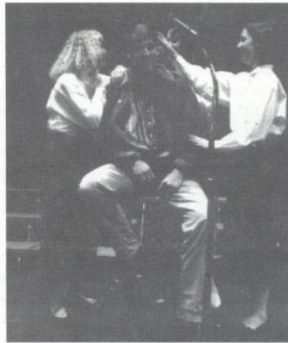
I **Russ Allen**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare the following: to Tommy Brown I leave a pair of droopy ole shorts; to Ben Corbett I leave a dunk goal so he can still play at Miami; to Larry Underwood I leave a new vocabulary so I will never have to hear the word "jocklips"

again; to Sandeep Soni I leave an all-expense paid trip to Destin, Florida; to Jonathan Henderson I leave the entire Del the Funky Homo Sapien CD collection; to Andy Barrett I leave a USN team photo and I guess to Charlie Thombs too; to Parkes Owen I leave a spot on the

Ole Miss basketball team for one day, the practice is only eight minutes long; to Sean Lehman I leave a doll (What are you going to do once Amy is gone); to Richard Douglas I leave a gay roommate named Gabel; to Charles Warner I leave a 6-pack (of Coke) and hope that maybe one day you will be able to drink it all in one sitting; to John Downey I leave the hope that he will resist all the ugly girls at UGA; to Nick Clabough I leave all the fun we had on DL at UT; to Doughboy I leave women, a record contract, women, a cool handshake, and women; to

Pookie I leave my dancing moves and my wigger accent; to Will Coles I leave my impressive dunking ability and some of my college recruiters; to Mark Dunkerly I leave the WPCOW title since you never won one; to Pat King I leave my Ron C and Snoopy Dogg CD collection and my basketball ability; to Brent Osborne I leave the hope that he might one day be a postman; to Alan Cermac daddy I

leave the ability to shoot a three; to Grant Martin I leave a M'Boro man; to Logan Verner I leave my shorts so you will have some to fit in next year; to Rob Welhoelter I leave my point guard spot on the team; to Mike Godwin I leave my lap-up skills; to Cooper Jones I leave a life, just



joking, and some George Strait tickets; to Mike Frey I leave a record contract and a "check" and my ak-47 so that "his foes will drop dead on contact"; to Stephen Bess I leave another year of fun in Chemistry; to Andy Corts I leave another year of French, so sorry!; to Brandon Plunkett I leave many



more nights with my sister and her longhair friends; to Tom T Hall I leave some black paint and a jump shot; to anybody I forgot you know what you get.

I, **Jason Alexander Bennett**, being of near-relieved mind and near-exhausted body, do bequeath the following: To Ian McClure, the Chess Club and all the power, glory and honor it entails; to little V, full rights to

the EZ-GO during track season; to Adam Scott, a working version of SAT-Sort; to Kitt Osborn, Brian Camp, Franklin Jarman and Chris Kuhn, a chance to read about the *salax taberna*; to Sean Sherrod, the knowledge of who really is the master grubber; to Michael Haslam, a big 'fellas!'; to Coach Pruitt, a domed track; to Mr. Herring, a hearty DAD-GUM, SON!; to Mr. Compton, a fire to consume his books of worksheets, a bigger, better Elmo and some real computers; to my editorial successor, the ability to make every member of your class angry at the same time; to Taylor Harris, a fully correct Chemistry lab; to Geoff Zimmerman, a Grand Cherokee and Adam Scott's programs; to Dan Ferguson, another Velvet Elvis and a freak; to Erik Daughtery, a compound in Texas and some followers; to Mr. Caldwell, the perfect Calculus BC class; to Mark Roder(t), a HEFTY dose of sanity; to everyone else, best of luck next year!

I am **Ryan Allan Brukardt**; and my mind is soundLY accurate. I leave the following people the afterwith following things. To Michael, \$2000.00 with which to fix the yearbook, highway driving skills, a summer job, one of my tailpipes, some good clean humor, soap, cologne, deodorant, Baby Wipes, and a new T-shirt. To Brooks, A sane girlfriend, a "precious" homecom-

ing date, sleep, recognition, Ex-Lax and a pair of handcuffs, a key to the Ball Building, and a broken taillight. To Robert, "more to do" so that when you say you are stressed b/c you have so much to do, you actually do have a lot to do, and a suite in Jamaica with a king size bed for when you and your ego go on vacation. To Rishi, my brown interior (I hope you don't get lost), a sober lead singer, and one

more Jazz Band period. To Taylor, a C in Calculus, a C in American History, a C in Chemistry, and the corrections in the unknown solution. To Sean, a new chia shirt and an accurate water clock that Crowell says would never work. To Geoff, the girl working at the Vandy Tennis Center and a lab notebook. To Andy, your very own intercom, a real demonstration speech, and the Winter Olympics. To Judd, an argument with Wayne and a stadium to put all of your women in. To Bill "Lear" Siesser, an airplane barf bag and my supreme ability to pull the curtain. To Sarah, WD-40 to grease you up. To Will O'Hare, my sarcasm, irony, J.T., and the rights to "FINE". To Dr. Griffith, a decent shirt. To Mr. Smith, the theatre (Have fun!). To Dave Berry and Stephen Hunt, a blank tape with no incriminating evidence on it. To Howard, dental floss and a real speech. To Megan, a new set of pylons and a better driving instructor. To Doug Zaph, Zao, Zap, Zaph, McKee's class, that girl's hat at the soccer game, my superior refereeing skills, and yet another girlfriend. To

Mrs. Palmore, a longer finger to pick your ear with. To Elizabeth, Dan and a Rosco 1000 Fog Machine. To Allen Cermak, the knowledge that Dan Ferguson—that's FERGUSON - 4409 Farriswood Drive, Nashville, Tennessee-383-6502 is messing around with your girl-

friend, but Michael Haslam is not. To Lauren, my car and a spinning restaurant. To Mark, the ability to escape from a speech. To Bradley Coburn, a "beautiful shepardess". To Beau

Tidwell, a name for his donkey and a Christmas Tree with nothing under it. To Hallie, a buttsteak. To Ruffin, my car alarm and my thanks. To Toby, rehab for your wounded leg and a wig from the theatre. To Bradley Sloan, more trash to talk during Chemistry lab and one of V.I.'s great ties. To Mr. Weaver, my thanks for saving the yearbook with your pictures, and your typewriter. To Dan, Elizabeth and a gift certificate to Freedman's for

Continued Page 6

★ Page ★  
Belle Meade Texaco  
4409 Harding Rd.  
383-4801

2213 BANDYWOOD DRIVE  
GREEN HILLS  
NASHVILLE, TN. 37215  
(615) 292-6590



LAMPS &  
ANTIQUES

LAURA AND MARTY SHUSTER

Patrick Wilson Library  
Montgomery Bell Academy  
Nashville, Tennessee



## FEATURES

## Last Wills and Testaments

coordination which is on sale. To Loren Nash, a new aerobic and a history class without John. To John, the book How to Pick a College using Some Sort of Intelligence after Being, Like, Accepted to Real Life "Wicked" Private Colleges, my Chemistry AP grade, and a block of dry ice. To Clay, the 1995 Bell, so sorry! To Ted, another Lexus for

when you wreck Shaka. To Barrett, 25 cents to take a bus downtown and have a rat know that thing off your cheek, a shotgun, and my license plate. To George, chapstick at the request of Lewis. To Robbie Quinn, a wife with an M.D. To Kerri, a trip to Blue Sky and the gas station on 440. To Emily, a real role in an MBA production. To Paul Thompson, a starring role on the new Sesame Street Movie and the lines to Invalid. To Mr. Caldwell, raindrops, roses, whiskers on kittens, and Mr. Swokowski. To Bruce, the governorship to the state of anarchy. To Nathan, I leave a magazine and the wrath of the cheerleaders after Michael and I show them the pictures you took of them. To Anton, another ream of foreign language paper. To Nikki, a spring-break T-Shirt, a full bottle of coke, and a gel frame. To Mr.

Demong, a powerbook and a hat. To Erik, my religion, your sister, and a May Jury Trial. To Nick, 5th period study hall with Judd and the proctor. To Dr. Crowell a new lecture, the oxygen to appear in the back corner of the room, and my personality. To Buz,

the autographed yearbook and the last 40 unfinished pages. To J.T., my extensive collection of Structure shirts and



another useless synonym for German class. To Mr. Whiteman, a mop and a dentist's drill. To Mr. Moxley, a serving of Pasta Primavera, the knowledge of what is offensive and what isn't, and Michael and I's thanks. To Mrs. Welhoelter, a crooked wall placard, the keys to your pwn office, and red aircraft warning lights for your hair. To Lewis, my credit card for Rhythms-R-Us and MY magazine! To Mrs. Porter, my thanks for the last two years. To MBA, my timecard for the 1000 hours I spent in the theatre with no public recognition; that comes to roughly



\$12,000 at the standard rate of \$12 an hour, and the table on the third floor. To Betsy, a 1995 Navy Saab 900 Convertible, the ability to sleep 20 hours a day, a real job, and a track of your very own. My parents, my thanks and my bill for college.

I, **Nick Clabough**, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following to friends and otherwise associates. To Doug, I leave a trip to Kansas for any day of the week, 2 suit cases, 2 Mtn ridges, and a field for his own selfish baseball game, and also a Monday excuse slip. To Judd I leave directions for Angela's drive thru, a non-breakable house and some modesty. To Crusty, I leave some Rogain with minoxidill a map to Baylor and some coordination. To Doo Doo some underwear. To Will and Ed some gel to cut down on wind resistance. To Pitt his hair, a Cuban cigar and Judd. To Carson, a Lollapalooza ticket. To Taylor Ripley my fishing poles. To Peter Chen my grades. To SASQUATCH I leave you Angela (AFTER JUDD) and the CLABOUGH-SGARLATA SURVIVAL KIT. To Chenaault, the Triplets, and Lee and anyone else that this may refer to (Greaser and Co. I leave an iron lung, and iron lip, and an iron liver. To Mr. Chenery I leave the limited '95 Subaru without radio and windows. To my Mom I leave Stephen, luck, my happiness, and a positive attitude. To Stephen, my little brother, I leave the city of Nashville to do with what you will.

I, **Ben Corbett**, of sound mind and body, hereby leave the following items of interest to the following people, for use in the future: To Rob Welhoelter: the ability to, just once, beat Andy B. and myself in any form of basketball, and The Moss-Oliver Award. To Mark Dunkerley: a pair of heterosexual basketball shoes and a Bad Moon Rising. To Will Coles: a calf muscle, my three-point shot, an "Hey, R.A. What you know, boy," and a full ride to East Carolina. To Ted Morrissey: a muzzle and a

pull-back-cross-over. To Logan Verner: a sit-up. To Anderson Williams: Dave's butt to call his own and the best of luck in basketball next year. To Allen Cermak: the rim on a three-pointer. To Brent Osborne: his pride and joy, a blocked shot against Ben Corbett. To Michael Godwin: that 6'2" height that he's been talking about. To Coach Thomas Wims: some butter to go with that roll. Coach Morrissey: a city council meeting and a loss in dunkball. To J.T. Steele: a "Buns of Steel" video. To Coach Whitfield: the ability to play outside 19'9" and a "Larry Bird: Living Legend" video. To Coach



Bowers: a state championship in football and a thank you for two great years. To Russ Allen: a membership in The Hair Club for Men.

To Mrs. Miles: a coosh ball. To Tommy Brown: my sister at Denison. To Bradley Sloan: the ability to check me I, **Dan Ferguson**, being of sound mind and large body, do hereby bequeath upon each member of the MBA student body A COMB. To Elizabeth, another facial expression, a book about strange and unusual facts about Iowa, and a great year

as president of your class. To Allen Cermack, refuting Ryan Brukardt, I leave the knowledge that I am not nor ever have been messing with your girlfriend; however, Ryan has been talking about her at school an awful lot. To Will O'Hare, I leave the ability to deal with J.T.'s hatred and a monster breakfast. To J.T. Steele, I leave a red shirt so it may double your wardrobe. To J.T.'s roommate at college, PTY. To Ryan Brukardt, cool hair, a real(y) cute car, a place on the swim team, a letter that you deserve, and another Coke to spill on Nikki. To Michael, that guy at Brentwood High named Joey, my prized copy of *Rocky Top*, a shower because you reek, and a Speedo. To Robert West, a gift certificate for the hairclub for men, a woman, and a copy of *Sirens* for your very own. To Loren Nash, a date in college, an even bigger ring, and an ultimate set of tools. To Jonathan Glickstein, a nonbutt-ugly car, humility. To Barrett Rose, some petty perfume. To Bruce Tarkington, a piggy, a state of anarchy, and the realization that Hitler was a freak. To one specific girl from Brentwood High, a life and a clue. To Elizabeth's mom, the fact that Iowa has the highest male rape rate in the country. To Beau Tidwell, my feelings because I feel like Beau.

I, **George Francis Thoamas Frazier, Jr.**, being of enlightened mind and fat-free body, do hereby bequeath the following items to the following persons in no attempt at preconceived order: To Barret "The Fat Daddy" Rose I leave a loaded 12-gauge. To Doug Zapf I leave my weight-loss methods, driving skill, and

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SPECIAL TRIBUTE VOL 50 NO 2A

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

JUNE 2, 1994

## MBA MOURNS LOSS OF COACH FOREHAND

by Loren Nash

The team huddled together in shallow right field in various states of distress. They had just suffered a 0-4 shutout by Lipscomb, but that was not what was bothering them. Some were hunched over sobbing in each other's arms; others were too shocked to know what had just happened. The Coach's words were short and to the point. He said, "Today at 4:30 in the middle of the game I was

He then went on to explain the details of

Awards, District 11-AAA Coach of the Year in 1991

they played was more important than winning.

gentlemen first, then athletes.

To see a testament to his greatness, one only had to attend his visitation or funeral to see how many people came out to pay their respects. He was truly a great man who touched many people's lives.

Coach Forehand was always a fighter. Most people would have given up after battling a disease for nearly four years, but



informed that Coach Forehand had passed away."

There was total silence until muffled cries began to be heard from all directions. We collapsed as if the life had been sucked out of us. The Coach then said, "This game means nothing anymore, baseball will have to wait for a while."

the funeral and what was going to happen over the next few days but no one was listening. They were too shocked to care. Coach Forehand had a lifelong commitment to

and 1992, it is fitting that in 1993, his final season of coaching, he led his team to the state championship.

He will always be remembered for his service and dedication to the game of baseball, but there were other aspects of his life that were less obvious.

He was dedicated to teaching not only baseball but teaching young men life and how to act. He always stressed how

He wanted his teams to have standards of fair play and respect. While other teams were yelling at us and making fun of us, we were supposed to



cheer for our team and play the game as best as we could. All he ever asked was that everyone try their very best. He taught us how to be

he continued fighting in hopes of returning to coach again some day. His recovery however was not to be, and we know that he has now gone to a better place. Coach Forehand, we all loved and respected you, we will miss you, and we will always remember you.





## MBA Baseball Concludes 1994 Season



**Loren Nash**

**First Base**

Going into post season play, the Big Red was very confident of its chances. At the conclusion of regular season play, however, the team was crushed by the news that their much beloved and ever-fighting Coach Forehand had succumbed to his four year battle with cancer. District tournament play was delayed

funeral. The following day a determined and fired-up Big Red headed out to Seven Oaks Park to begin the long trip back to the final-four. Its first game in the district tournament was against powerhouse Father Ryan (hiss). MBA easily tossed them aside 5-0. Up next came baseball rival Overton, whom the Big Red had shut out twice earlier this season. Once again, a shutout 7-0, the most runs the Big Red had ever scored against Overton in one game. After a days rest, the

team was confident going into the finals against Overton, who would have to beat MBA twice in order to become district champs. MBA came out with cold bats, but Overton did not. This proved my theory correct in that a team must



to allow for the team to attend and serve as pallbearers at his

score more runs than its opponent scores in order to win the

game. MBA came up short and lost two in a row to Overton: 1-3 and 2-3. The



team was down but still not out. It still had a berth in the region tournament because of its perfect 11-0 regular season district record. The Big Red now faced perennial powerhouse McGavock at their place. Going into this game however, the Big Red appeared shaky and unsure of themselves. Although the pitcher was weak (McGavock's supposed ace),

there was very little hitting, and in the field, there were errors committed everywhere.

Fortunately McGavock was just as weak hitting and fielding for a while. But they proved to play less worse than we played and came out ahead 3-5. This concluded MBA's season and its attempt at defending its state title.

The team would like to thank all of the fans who came out to support the

team, we know who you are because there were not very many and the same people came out for nearly every game. We would also like to thank the parents who complained only slightly loud enough to be heard and never questioned decisions that were

made.

This next year will prove to be an interesting one as some players will leave as they inevitably do, some will not return, some new faces will emerge, and some will fade away. The entire community will, however, always remember Coach Forehand for his dedication to teaching, baseball, and life. He put a lot into this community and touched all of our lives greatly, we will all miss him dearly.



## Lacrosse TEAM Finishes Runner-up in M.A.L.C



**Keith Claverie**

**Lacrosse Defense**

Lacrosse Conference Championship.

The team had two All-Americans this year, Hugh Gaston and Anton Hie.

In the State Tournament, MBA breezed past Breentwood and Christian Brothers to an easy

fourth State title.

In the M.A.L.C. tournament

finals, Lewis Jones, Tommy Brown, Anton Hie, Hugh Gaston, and Mark Garton each contributed goals in the disappointing 27-5 loss.



ship and the Runner-Up Trophy for the Mid-American

Although unable to repeat as M.A.L.C. Champions, the players on

this 1994 team represent a



90% winning record.



Kirk Howell and Tyler Coleman were

two underclassmen whose performance was instrumental in Big Red success. Kirk will no doubt be in the running for All-American status for his Junior or Senior year.

However, the Lacrosse team will need to draw on the sup-



port of even more underclassmen next year, as Seniors Hie, Garton, Gaston, Brown, Claverie, English, Jones, and Lehman graduate, moving on to bigger and better things.

# Roll Red



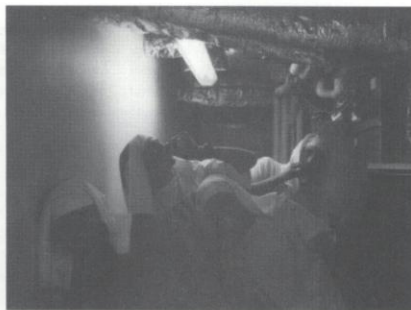
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kung-fu fighting technique, as well as that thing I wrote that I still can't find. To my sister I leave my soul and my genius. To my brother I leave my p i m p i n' style, my blue glasses, our uncle's get-up, and the top of a big hill much changed for my passing. To the school

I leave a true freak as well as the open mind needed to deal with its existence. To Mary I leave my books, horses, the wind and the rain, my 150-year lifespan, and enough gasoline and matches to burn everything I've ever written. To the friendly neighborhood hooligans I leave a life( i.e. something to do on Saturday night besides throwing a soggy at my girlfriend's car). To Lindsey I leave my British Lit book and my Muddy Waters tapes. To Dr. Griffith I leave credit where credit is due. To my ego I leave a suitable heroic presence. To Lewis I leave the ability to grow a beard and the ability to pick up Sarah and make her swoon. To my antagonists I leave something with which to define your existences besides getting my attention(i.e. a life). To the Communist Party I leave a lifetime of faithful service. To Shawn Lehman I leave one of my uncle's pimpin' tuxedo scarves. To Nick I leave the Silver Bullet(my van). To Judd I leave the incessant harassment of my sister Kathryn and some of my pimpin' style. To Will Hickerson I leave a choice of either of my middle names. To Keith Claverie I leave a towtruck in the Harpeth Hall parking lot, my yet unbeaten intellectual prowess, and any shred of writing skill I may have once possessed. To Jason Sgarlata I leave a definite ethnic group. To Dan Ferguson I leave my fro pick and my entire line of haircare products. To Andy Anderson I leave the care of my dear

Grandmother. To my dear Grandmother I leave the watch



that Andy stole from her. To Mark Garton I leave a big bag of herb. To Pook Doggy Dogg(Stephen Ward) I leave gummed papers and a water-pipe. To Butta-hed I leave my room(inc. futon, swivel chair, etc.), a raincoat, and my skill at doing the Manson dance. To Sara I leave the pictures my mother took, my hat and cane, and a chance to buy me dinner at Faison's. To Ashley I leave my tree and crazy movies. To Mrs. Welholter I leave a lot of candy. To my Mother I leave candles, incense, my Zen books, and some patience. To my Father I leave the Bordeaux Landfill and one of those big monster things with metal wheels that can drive over anything. To my family I leave much discussion at



Christmas time.

To friends unmentioned I leave fading memory and haiku. To Vanilla Ice I leave artistic respect. To Hyle Celasi I leave liberty and justice. To Tony Karnowski I leave my sprouts, beans, rice, and Buddhism. To the People of Tibet

I leave Richard Gere. To Bruce Tarkington I leave part of my share of hair, a guest shot on Kung-Fu the Legend Continues, and a free conversion to Catholicism. To His Holiness Pope John Paul the Second I leave a more subdued Sinead O'Connor. I commission my pocket-watch to be buried with me, seeing as there is no one quite pimpin' enough for it. To the censors I leave this finest work of Western Literature which I am sure you have cut to ribbons by now. To the readers I leave the names and addresses of the censors.

And finally, to Mark Hamil (and the rest of humanity, but mostly Mark Hamil) I leave another **STAR WARS** trilogy.

I, **Michael Haslam**, of perverted mind and repulsive body, do hereby leave the following: to Russ-tolerance; to J.B.- a picture of Mr. Novak (FELLAS); to Jim- a wad of paper to hit that big dopey guy; to Tommy- another rib; to Ryan- an aerobie, a shower, a pair of jean shorts, Oragel, a real licence plate, a speedo, my

Stanford hat, t-shirt, bumper stickers, key chain, and bikini underwear, recognition of work, and an adjective used as an adverb; to Keith- my early eighties tapes, anarchy, a nose job and another job; to Erik- my gratitude and Just for Men hair coloring system; to

Richard- a dog to love; to Judd- a deck of cards, a ticket for trying to impress three guys with his driving, a lot of velvet, and some cat hair for his letter jacket; to Dan- Elizabeth, a button to play with, a real car, my Neil Diamond Collection, a piggy, a normal costume, a comb, Free Willy, and the ability to dunk so that one day you can say, "I own you!"; to George- nothing because no worldly possessions are allowed in the monastery; to Hugh- a rung on the evolutionary ladder, a n d Nashville Knights tickets for him and my sister; to Glickstein- like the rights to the words "rad" a n d "wicked," my Duke acceptance letter, and a Kleenex for his snuffle; to Griffin- J u g g s .

Rachel, my single to "Slam," my action movie collection, oral surgery, an ugly stick, an orange Jolly Rancher, a dunk goal, and a statue of Guy Fawkes; to Harris- my Yale Book Award; to Hartman- a pair of really big underwear; to Pitt- a day-care service, honesty, cool hair, the phrase "That's what she said, ooooo!", and Grendel; to Anton- inspiration, a tendency, a viper, a pop tart, a good party, a bird that goes, "hoo wee, hoo wee!", Pea Boy, boiled eggs, a green silk jacket, and my Sega CD (nuts) including my copy of Mortal Combat; to Lewis- rhythm, any facial hair I might have, a fire extinguisher, your own computer for the Archives, and my awe inspiring acting ability; to Matt- a car that is BAD MAN; to Howard- every Simpson's episode ever made, and any Michigan paraphernalia I may have; to Shawn- Judd's dance, my cool sweater, Coming to America, and Cacklin' Oat Bran (What?); to Chip- a

razor to shave with; to Rishi- a date with someone else named Mike, Dawnn's bras, a "doo rag," the Artie White CD where he is talking on the phone, my Ray Stevens comedy classics, a Menudo T-shirt, a Lionel Richie CD with "Hello" and "All Night Long," a linoleum floor, a felt hat, a hairy butt, a Gordon Gartrail shirt, a racial comment, another ticket, and a copy of the lyrics to "La Grange": "Har, har, har, har... you know what I'm talking about"; to Brooks- a shoulder



joint that actually works right(ly), a hair cut, my admiration for your extreme tolerance of annoying things, my keys, a non-psycho girlfriend, Ann's head on a platter, my presidency to the Robbie Brukart Fan Club, Pee Wee's Big Adventure, an audience for a play, my inflatable woman, and popcorn for the next time he watches Apocalypse Now in the theatre; to Jim- a shot put, a cafe au lait, and a whole lotta Kant; to Loren- Rokeby, a copy of "Go with Him," and, of course, a prom date; to Roe- my turkey calls and a Norelco razor for that nasty back hair (that joke never gets old); to Barrett- a trip to Shoney's Breakfast Bar; some livin' large jeans; another Joey-type shirt, tadpoles, finger prints on the wall, a cigar, a girl who is not a "friend," \$240 worth a puddin', some amoebic dysentery, a cage to be trapped in like some kind of manimal, my Young Ones tape, the ability to get some (at least, if I had that ability), and

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a new shotgun; to Sandeep- strange diseases, Wendy's coupons, a flute to tame the cobras in India, and an inflatable sheep; to J.T.- my wardrobe; to Bruce- socialism, anarchy, a new chair for his condo, and his own Q-Zar store; to Charlie- another great study session; to Larry- my copy of *The Firm*; to Pookie- a lawn mower for his nipples; to

Robert- a real hat, another edition of the *Bell Ringer*, a better social life, some glue and scissors, new car smell, some real music, a kabob, a pair of shoes that don't squeak, immortality to make him a real god, and a more portable computer; to Rob Welhoelter- a circuitous route in next year's Totomoi Tapping; to Will O'Hare- a monster breakfast, the name Ham Slam, and an ointment to get rid of the hives all over his body; to Dave Berry- my bathroom tips; to A.J. Byrd- some non-turtleneck shirts; to Ted Callahan- Dawnn; to Andy Corts- an American Flag, clothes, and a hearty hand shake on a great prom set; to Mike Frey- my posse (Cusswords and Snake Eyes), a rubber band in the eye, and Jake Jacobs tied to a tree; to Lujan- an obscene picture of a cheerleader; to Clay Risen- my appreciation, a non-Cabbage Patch Kid hat, the *Bell*, and a decent haircut; to Bill Siesser- *A Few Good Lighting Technicians*, and the knowledge that "you are the man"; to Paul Thompson- a new stage voice; to Myr Wilson- shame; to Beau Tidwell- self-respect; to Mark Wyckoff- a new last name; to Amy K.- my brother's house; to Josephine- a picture of Joey Lawrence, a shopping spree to Target, and an order of Spinich con queso; to Rach Doggy Dogg- my gangsta rap tapes, and a man in uniform; to Holly- my dancing ability,

a normal handshake, and strange alien faces; to Appy-Brooks's Confederate flag (even if it is a British flag); to Sarah- a blue sky and a salon



perm (no Oglethorpe); to Julie- Snappy's autograph (from the Sound's game), and a book with Fabio on the cover; to Nikki- a foot massage, a DQ Blizzard, the Janet Jackson dance, a dance lesson, another key chain, sweat pants that fit, and a yearbook page of her own; to Elizabeth- a call from the yearbook room, a picnic, a real disease, a one-strap, early-eighties dress, another MBA Spring Break T-shirt, and those cool red tights from the play; to Elizabeth's mom- a Mother's Day card, a Birthday card, a Christmas card, a Valentine's Day card,



and an Abe Lincoln's Birthday card; to Wade Cowan and Joe Mouer- a serious practice, a ham, my cool tie collection, and a new microphone to replace the one I broke; to Mr. Moxley, Mrs. Hollins, and Mrs. Palmore- appreciation for your help,

guidance, and support over the last few years; to MBA- the Senior Roasts; to anyone I forgot- my apology; to everyone I give a firm handshake and a hug, and an invitation to visit me in California at any time.

I, **Howard Kong**, of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following items of

immeasurable value: To MBA, I leave approximately \$25,000 in tuition. To Coach Wims, I bequeath my Tennessee Thumper in "Tioch style. To Joey, I leave my baseball cleats/ basketball shoes and a broken glass from Quincy's. To Loren, I leave a Super Shot, Aladdin's Castle, a pair of Strength shoes, and my ability to make both the Headmaster's List and the DL in the same mid-quarter. To Poe, I give my Tae Kwon Do skills. To Michael, I leave a "poofy" shirt, \$240 worth of puddin', Mr. Swokowski, an English class 'cause I'm never going to England, and the quote:

"He's not so fat." To Cajunman, Mr. I-went-to-New-Orleans-to-visit-Tulane-not-Mardi-Gras, I grant my collection of Harry Connick, Jr. CD's (nuts!). To Hugh and Robert, I leave my studious behavior in French IV AP to complete the daily reading assignments in the 15 minutes after lunch. To Bess, I

leave my J-Series bat, my yellow shirt, and a 20<sup>th</sup> guarantee. To Coach Woolsey, I leave directions to Murfreesboro, Oakland, and Millington. To Fat Daddy, I leave a superfluous nipple. To Bennett, I leave a good joke, just one, so beat it to death, I mean the joke. To

J.T., I leave a "Monster Breakfast with biscuits and Spam." To Frey, I leave a class: *Flesh Pile: 101* courtesy of Mr. Billy Tate. To those just wondering, no, I didn't apply to Michigan. To Richard, I leave a green jacket in Augusta (good luck!). To Ben, I leave one very jiggular woman. To Dan, I return a comb and a copy of D'announcements. To Dr. Griffith, I leave nothing, especially not my baseball hat, but I do leave you with the honor to have had me as a student. To Mrs. Welhoelter, I leave an application to UNC. To Jim, I honor you with a Moon Pie. To Parkes, I leave a completed set of History ID's and study questions. To Chip, I leave one more French class. To Harry Myr, I leave some shame. To Mo, Sif, and Dub, I leave a room key to the motel of your choice and a reminder that "It's okay. I'm Korean." To Goeff, I leave a class mug

on which your name is correctly spelled. And finally, I bequeath to T. Eddie Sisk a question: Is that a typo so your true name is Teddy Sisk?

I, **Brooks Martin**, of garbled mind and sleepless body hereby bequeath the following: to Jim, a can of shot put

repellent, some sanity, a day without singing, Hayley; to Ryan, patience, recognition, your "woman" back; a real sports car, sleep, a pylon; to Michael, a shower, a blue sky, some spiked punch, a private bathroom with no moaning, a real role with some real lines in a play, Nikki, a van down by the river, a heard of inflatable sheep, some spackle for your crack; to Robert, a computer of your very own, a new deluxe carrying case (a U-haul truck) for your ego, something to really be stressed out for; to Keith, a nose job, some Kevlar for your whipped back, some tennis lessons, some tact, some tolerance, a clue, and a real Po-boy; to Hallie, a buttsteak,

a pinch, some gratitude, a plea of "not guilty", another cold, a cool costume that fits, some mace for your siblings, a clown joke, and my sanity with a side order of sleep (oh, you can have my "unending stress" pills if you want them; I know you do); to Will O'Hare, some tricks and the trade, the theatre, some spam, a bad case of hives, a sweat towel, a few keys (nuts), and a cup of of Mocha tea from Piggly Wiggly; to Bradley Coburn, a singing voice, an airhead (oh, nevermind), and a purpose for the student council; to Micah and Buck, luck, appreciation, recognition, skill, and cooperation (because you won't get anything from anyone else), to Sam Limor, a cure for your Cockney accent; to Dave Berry, some warpaint, a loincloth, a pillow, and a primal grunt; to Steve Hunt, a non-type casted role in a play, 150 dollars and a nite with you



know what; to Beau, some courage, the ability to sing, annunciation, some luck, a new-non-obscene wish list; to Barrett, a test tube of spit because I know you "love that spit"; to J.T., a new wardrobe that expands beyond the mediocre bounds of just blue and green; to Appy, an possum trap; to Sarah, an "oop wid an 'ole in it, growth serum, and a fly in your coffee; to Julie, the knowledge that everyone at MBA loves you, a gift certificate for J. Fly's dancing lessons, and a lift ticket off of the stage anytime; to Lewis, rhythm, patience, "your magazine", some band-aids for your lash marks, and your knife that I found somewhere back there;

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to Erik, stamina to put up with hair jokes until you finally go bald; to Anton, a Certs, a crowbar for you and Nikki, a tendency for two weeks; to Nikki, the dollar I owe you for the Blizzard, for Anton to allow you to be in a play; to Bill Siesser, something that's something that's not something else, a step-ladder to get off of your high-

horse (I just don't want you to hurt yourself, because I can't patch you up); to Paul T., humility, an argument, a clue about women, a lower voice (so you don't sound like Kermit); to Dan, a Dodge Arries; to Greg L., the ability to shut the %&@ up!!!; to Tobias, the new Ron-Co Flow-Be; to Rishi, a better tan; to George, a zip-lock baggie to keep your hair in when you leave so you will remember these wonderful times forever (barf!!!); to Hugh, a razor to make your uni-brow a regular set of eye-brows; to John G., some rad, wicked, girlfriend who will put up with your Yankee-ness; Bobby H., (you'll always be Bobby), respect from underclassmen, patience, a troll; to Shawn; some glasses, a slap in the face, and a college; to Kevin, a senior roast, a superlative, and a person-

ality; to Jonathan Fly, a can of oil or WD-40; Eric H., emotion; Freddie, a clue about life, the reality; to Chris Kuhn, thousands and thousands of small tape, two guns so you can "keeeiiiilllll" someone; to Tim W., a lock for your door, some self-respect and crowbar to get your head out of your.....; Andy C., a razor to shave your five o'clock shadow that

shows up at about nine in the morning; to Eugenie D., a gun for you know what; to Robbie Quinn, I can't think of anything...&@##!% Robbie!!!!;



to Kerri Sharpe, a bomb to "blouh yor fargin' karr!!!" (oh, that's right you killed it already); to Mr. Womack, a sense of humor for class, and a list that enumerate the obscene amount of times that you said "every bit as fascinating as one could possibly imagine"; to Mr. Whiteman my respect as an actor and thespian, and a rain check for a good argument about something meaningless one day; to Mrs. Palmore, my Captain Queeg theme, and all the snide remarks that Mikey and me done said the fer entire year; to Mr. Herring, "I think I'm Brooks Martin"; to Mr. Tate, "snip,snip"; to Dr. Paschall, my eternal thanks for making the last two years the most memorable ones in my life, thanks for being a role model for all, and my last "Huzzah!" to the last existing Renaissance



Man; to Mrs. H., you've truly taught me that life can be <<de mauvaise foi>>; and finally I leave to my parents my undying thanks for everything and my tuition bill (you guys remember me, right? I was the

one who you'd see come in late, get no sleep, not eat, then leave early.) I really love you guys for putting up with everything.

I, **Barrett Rose**, being of sound mind and large body do hereby bequeath the following: to Ben Griffin, an Elgeir, a male utopia, the ability to tell the difference between the brake pedal and the accelerator, and Jugs; To Michael Haslam, a sentence with the word "Formaldehyde" in it, two words: Amoebic Dysentery,

a bacon sandwich, and the ability to pause at any given moment during the day and know that right at that second that he is gettin' some; to Ryan Brukardt, a shirt made of real rayon, a pair of Brukenstocks, the nickname "Mr. Texas", and a girl named Betty. Or was it Becky?; to Bob West, the nickname "Boob", a lifetime supply of Rogaine, my speed in the 800m, and a Calculus exemption; to John Roe, the ability to turn in a theme on time; to Charlie Thombs, "a given" in the science fair, dating advice, and an acceptance letter to UNC; to Doug Zapf, chemical chest hair remover, a 64 ounce vanilla shake, a concussion, and my flawless lateral; to Bradley Sloan, a permanent reserved booth at "Max's Cellar"; to Dan Ferguson, a little black comb and an Elvis pen; to Anton Hie, my complete mastery of the martial art of Kung Fu in the style of the viper; to B Shea, the ability to be "still sexy heea"; to Jason Sgarlata, Texas, a bucket of tadpoles, a bag of nails, and my gut; to Pookie, an electric hedge trimmer to be used for nipple grooming; to

Hairy Hairy Myr, a razor and some shame; to James Gunn, a lot to learn about fashion and chubby hands; to Jim Alley, my amazing abdominal washboard and a "Judy"; to Big Six, a lemon cupcake and that

little place that Suzy Wan and Sonny used to have down on 32nd street; to Brian Camp, a Grecian sponge and Tenor I pride; to the Wrestlers at Appalachian State '92, a Bolie and some curious soccer girls; to Andrew Douglas, my fat and my cross-body ride technique; to Cory Morgan, gatorade mixed at 2AM; to Dave Sifford, Wings of Fury; to Mark Dunkerly, a sausage on a biscuit and a sleeper hold; to the morning car pool, a daily encounter with those elusive Pace girls and/or spiced tea; to Duke Rose my wicked fast ball, my skill in Latin, and four more years at MBA.

I, **Jim Miller**, being of obsessive-compulsive mind, and- ...well, I've got a body, do hereby bequeath the following of my worldly possessions: to Erik Daugherty, I bequeath my car so that his younger sister will drive him no longer, and a passing German final. To Bobby Hartman, I bequeath my Miles Silverberg fan club membership, and all my stock in Denny's. To Matt King, I bequeath a nice fluffy pillow for economics class. To Jason Sgarlata, I bequeath the knowledge that "I just don't understand..." and a cliché of the day. To Brian Camp, I bequeath the red mist, the most wonderful time of the year, Kermit, and the rest of the chorus. To Bradley Coburn, I leave my Ayn Rand library,

and the knowledge that she is an utter ninny. To Michael Haslam, I leave a decent roommate in Italy, and a copy of "Joey's Greatest Dance Moves." To Bill Englert, I bequeath free math

tutoring over the summer so he can pass next year without me. To Deji, Ben, and Tyson,



I bequeath the LD team (Ben may not call collect to ask for help next year). To Praveen Kambam, I bequeath a one way ticket to Harlem. To Nathan Lujan, I bequeath my CD that he already has anyway. To Dave Berry, I bequeath tuition to Oral Roberts University. To Will O'Hare, I bequeath lots of mocha tea form Celestial Seasonings. to Clay Risen, I bequeath a haircut, BP handiwipes, and a less irritating dog. To T. Eddie Sisk, I leave a chew toy and prozac. To Sam Limor, I bequeath my video copy of Yentl. To Philip Reynolds, I leave satisfaction in knowing that next year he won't be the token microbe in chorus. To Myr Wilson, I leave a lot of Hair and my thanks for immortalizing me on this campus. To Eric Womack, I bequeath a bucket of ice. To Rob

Continued Page 12





## FEATURES

## Last Wills And Testaments

Hancock, I bequeath my BP card, my witch laugh, a lot of showtunes, the tenor section (oh...er- that was us, wasn't it?), and our duet from Cosi Fan Tutte. To Brooks Martin, I bequeath my thanks for being a constant friend all the way through, and the padded cell next to mine. To Mr. Elliot and Mr. Lanier, I bequeath my word that I will never choose mathematics as a career. To Mrs. O'Connell, I bequeath a few broken limbs. To Marion Ross, I bequeath the title of the real first lady of MBA fine arts. To those who inspired me, Mr. Womack, Dr. Batten, and Dr. Cassel, and to those who listened to me, Mr. Poston, Mrs. Hensley, Dr. Batten, Mr. Tate, Dr. Cassel, Mr. Womack, and Mr. Regen, I give my most sincere thanks. To Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Welhoelter, I leave my thanks for running crisis central. To Mrs. Shell, I bequeath that pair of glasses you never seemed to find and thanks for teaching me the language. To Dr. David Cassel, I bequeath a daily planner, and a reduced work load. Thank you for being a friend and a mentor. You've helped me grow in ways I can't begin to explain. Good night Ms. Waugh, wherever you are!

I Sandeep Soni being of sound mind and body leave to Rishi Malahooterhotter a brand new answering machine of his own so that he can put the message

## WHAT HE DOES?

on there. To Shawn Lehman I leave a college application and dozen roses so that he can always have some to give to Amy. To Russ Allen I leave the ability to dunk, a towel to clean up the spooze on his face after I got done dunking on him, part of my tan so he can say he is not white and a year supply of 90210 and Melrose videos. To Jonathan Henderson I leave the nickname Dell Curry and my religion Hindu. To Judd English I leave a flowbee machine so that he can keep his hair style the same

for at least a weak and a stereo system that works. To Will Pitt Hickerson I leave a car, a 12 year old, and my ability to manipulate traffic. To Charles Warner I leave the picture from club plat.

To Mark Garton I leave a new Dodge Aires and a decent haircut. To Tommy Brown I leave two fine women and the saying "WORD UP!" To Hugh Gaston I leave a Playboy Magazine the all time question, Where do you boil'em? To Mrs. Welhoelter I leave my canny ability to bug people and a year supply of candy. To Dr. Crowell I leave my top secret F.B.I. files and the real story on who killed J.F.K. To my cousins at home I leave some, no all of my athletic ability and the ability to be American. And Finally to M.B.A. I leave my ability to diagram sentences and the ability to never go to Study Hall.

I, Robert LaFollette West, MBA graduate now Dukie, do hereby grant: to Andy Barrett some new skin and nerves for your hands and my apologies for the stupidest Freshman mistake; to Joseph Braden- my MVP Track award, the knowledge that you are the most talented runner at

Championship and a thank you for always having a big smile; to Keith Claverie- a Senior Class Gift and a Lacrosse article; to Erik Daugherty- my thanks for putting up with me



as a lab partner, my admiration for your open mind, inability to become angry, and undying tolerance- the knowledge that a new car will never hold value like a great education and Four great years getting lost at UT Austin; to Dan- perfect hair, a cold rainy night in the Smokies with a man with an Axe, a station wagon that rivals Porsche in top speed and acceleration, a rush party with Holly, a 4:30A.M. Waffle House run with Amanda, and thanks for always wanting to give a hand; to George- nonconformity; to

Toby Gibson- a Harding Academy reunion with people you don't know; to Jonathan Glickstein- a reunion at Duke in one year; to Ben Griffin- Valedictorian at Davidson, acceptance at any graduate school in the country, a showing of the greatest action movies ever made, and perfect teeth; to Mark Hardison- a 49.1400M, a 157.2800M, and a trip to the State Track Meet; to Taylor Harris- State Championship in the Mile, Valedictorian at UNC, and an error free Bell Ringer; to Bob (Bobby)- a sweater in an 88 degree room, a dinosaur, a debate with the old Harding Crew about Religion, the "Most Chanded Award," and my undying

friendship; to Michael Haslam- contentment (ie a couch or comfortable chair, a TV, food and drink within reach, and a stack of classic movies from the 80's), a tailpipe (well you know, I'd), a few girls who you never dated, a drive through Centennial Park, Vanderbilt in the Spring, a Soup Kitchen, Lewis and Amy, some industrial strength bathroom cleaning chemicals, the ability to open a gum wrapper, a bed in my car during a rain storm, and four totally different years at Stanford; to Will Hickerson- four years of fun at Boulder; to Anton Hie- a fired up lacrosse team; to

Howard Kong four happy years at Michigan, French V, and a dunk ball game; to Chip Loser- the number one grossing film ever made; to Rishi Malhotra- a peaceful family argument; to Loren Nash- a drug deal behind Davis, a leisurely drive down Grany White, and a grand slam in the home opener at Emory; to Barrett Rose- a rock and a



pancake, a river bag, my barbed wire, a cigar, and 20 degree water; to Kevin Stoll- a dunk ball game, a swim in the middle of the lake, and my permission to slap Pookie in Michigan; to Bruce Tarkington- a debate with Mr. Herring and anarchy; to Stephen Ward- a cigar, a perfect drive on no. 3 & 18, and a

Sunday school class; to Geoff- a victorious Vanderbilt football team; to Mark T.- a good school and great basketball team and all the success in the world; to Jon David, Zack, James, and Mark- the best 4\*400-800 teams in school history; to Buck- the ability to get in the pit; to Ted- the Bell Ringer; to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern- each other; to Andrew Walker and Bill Hancock- the security to express your manhood.

I, Doug Zapf, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave all of my possessions to a select few. To Mr Womack, I leave some good jokes and some real ties; to Dudley Schiel, the ability to meet an art deadline; to Mr Caldwell, I leave my knack for getting sick and missing school; to Marsh Gaither, my weight-loss methods and hairstyle; to Scott Denbo, my bench-pressing abilities; to Brian Camp, my knees or lack thereof; to Tony Greer, I leave my rhythm and dancing abilities; to Russ Allen, my hang time and my ID; to Doodoo Brown, some ice and some interesting stories; to Larry Underwood, my ability to not get carded and staying power; to Judd English, my "Pompidom" and fashion

sense; to Bryan Keene, I leave my little black book; to Bruce Tarkington, I leave some candy, a hobby, and ability to keep a secret; to Nick Clabough, I leave the "Piece," a couple of funnels, and an extra set of car keys; to Anne Elizabeth McIntosh, my ability to get into an adult movie and my impeccable driving record

and ability; to my brother, my ability to speed and not get caught; to my mother, I leave my love and thanks; to the Fraziers, the Bennetts and the Watsons, I leave my extreme gratitude for putting up with me for an extended period of time; to George Frazier, I leave my friendship and my MacDaddy Vibes.



## SPORTS

# MBA Track Crushes Competition in Region Track Meet



**Mark  
Wyckoff**  
Sports  
Reporter

Heading into the last couple of weeks of the season, the MBA track team had already enjoyed a very successful year with 2nd place finished in the Doug Hall



Relays and Optimist Relays. However, the main goal of the season still lay ahead: winning the Region 3-AAA championship for the first time since 1991.

We entered the Banner Relays, the last big meet prior to Region, with the idea of loading up our relay teams and seeing how they would

fare. Several factors, however, including a hamstring injury to Joe Braden, resulted in a disappointing fifth place finish. There were some bright spots with Freshman phenomenon Scott Denbo winning the shot put, Brandon Shea winning the discus, and Robert West and J.W. Felch placing second in the high jump and pole vault, respectively. In addition, the 4x800 relay team of Hardison, Wyckoff, Harris and West won with the 3rd fastest time in school history. The 4x400 relay of Greenwood, Hardison, Daniel and West placed 3rd as did Taylor Harris in the 3200m.

Entering the Region championships, the Big Red tracksters were now focussed on one goal: win. With three second place finishes throughout the year, we were ready to break through for a victory. In the decathlon, Robert West (1st) and Ryan Foster (4th) started the team off on the right foot. Scott Denbo (2nd in the shot) and Bill Englert (4th in the discus) paced the throwers and in the high jump Robert West (3rd) and Stephen Marler (8th) scored points. In addition, Felch (1st), Blair

(2nd) and Fuller (6th) continued MBA's dominance in the pole vault.

and 7th, respectively. The 4x200 relay of Morgen Cordell, Andrew Walker,

West) did not disappoint and sealed the victory with a third place finish.

The 1994 track team would like to be remembered as a team that overcame adversity to achieve their goals. We would like to thank Mr. Pruitt, Mr. Compton, Mr. Corzine and Brandon Williams for excellent coaching performances, as well as Mr. Denbo for taking time to offer instruction to the throwers. In the State meet, Robert West has already achieved a strong showing in the decathlon by tying for 2nd. Scott Denbo, J.W. Felch, Buck Blair and Taylor Harris have also qualified for the



Going into the running events, we had scored 55.5 points on the way to a 14.5 point lead and were determined not to relinquish the lead. Almost at once things started to go wrong. A missed handoff in the 4x100 and a belated disqualification in the 4x800 relay resulted in a smaller lead. Nevertheless, the Big Red resolved to keep fighting. Ignoring numerous Hunters Lane death threats and urged on by Bill Hancock's promise (or threat) to "run buck naked around the track if we score over a hundred points," we kept up the intensity. Joe Braden started us off by sprinting to 6th in the 100m. In the mile, Taylor Harris and Scott Bowen placed 2nd

Mark Hardison and promoted 8th-grader Michael Higgins finished an impressive 6th place. In the 400, "Zeke" Greenwood and John Daniell strided to 3rd and 6th place finishes. Robert West (5th) and Mark Wyckoff (7th) added points in the 800, and in the 200, Joe Braden churned to 3rd place and a school record. Taylor Harris (6th) and Jim Alley (7th) added points in the 2-mile to establish a 9.5-point lead with one event left. The new school record holders in the 4x400 (Greenwood, Hardison, Daniell,



State meet in Chattanooga.

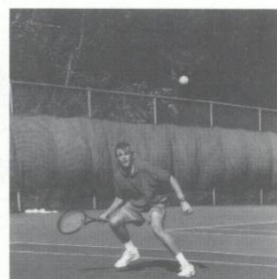
## MBA Takes Second in State Tennis Tournament

**Jim  
Bowen**  
Tennis  
Captain

The 1994 tennis season was another successful one. MBA won its thirty-fourth consecutive district and region championships and finished second in the state to McCallie. We ended the season 18-1-1 with the tie coming in a suspended match against Brentwood High. The season had many highlights. After many rainy days, the season finally opened against MUS with a 7-2 win. After that, we dominated local com-

petition until the first showdown against Brentwood High

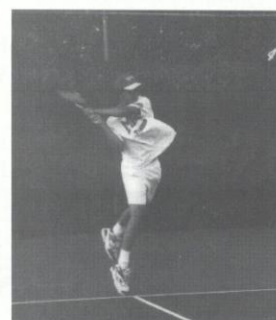
we faced McCallie, then ranked first in the state. McCallie was not prepared for the onslaught of talent they soon faced, and suffered a harsh defeat 6-3. MBA then wound down the regular season with the Carter Invitational, where we finished a disappointing fourth. Nevertheless, we soon swept the district and region tournaments and defeated Hendersonville in



which we won 5-4 in an extremely close match, but one that was never in doubt. Next

we faced McCallie, then ranked first in the state. McCallie was not prepared for the onslaught of talent they soon faced, and suffered a harsh defeat 6-3. MBA then wound down the regular season with the Carter Invitational, where we finished a disappointing fourth. Nevertheless, we soon swept the district and region tournaments and defeated Hendersonville in

claim the state title. Unfortunately,



nately, McCallie did too. After defeating a feisty MUS team for a second time, we

faced a determined McCallie in the finals. Exhausted, we fell short and were forced to accept second place in the state. Regardless, we had an incredible season and one that exceeded many expectations. We also are looking forward to success in the individual state tournament. The MBA tennis team owes much thanks to Coach Poston, and the seniors would like to wish Randy, Bill, Dan, Jake, and the rest much success in the seasons to come.

## COLLEGE CHOICES

<u>Russell Allen</u> Baylor	<u>Richard Douglas</u> Richmond	<u>Michael Haslam</u> Stanford	<u>Edward Martin</u> Montana	<u>Sandeep Soni</u> Manipal College of Medical Sciences
<u>Andy Barrett</u> North Carolina	<u>John Downey</u> Georgia	<u>Jonathan Henderson</u> Georgia	<u>Jim Miller</u> Kentucky	<u>J. T. Steele</u> Southern Mississippi
<u>Jason Bennett</u> Georgia Tech	<u>Judd English</u> Colorado State	<u>Will Hickerson</u> Colorado	<u>Loren Nash</u> Emory	<u>Kevin Stoll</u> Northwestern
<u>Jim Bowen</u> Virginia	<u>J. W. Felch</u> Tennessee	<u>Anton Hie</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Parkes Owen</u> Mississippi	<u>Bruce Tarkington</u> Vanderbilt
<u>Joseph Braden</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Dan Ferguson</u> Tennessee	<u>Jonathan Hulbert</u> Trinity	<u>John Roe</u> Davidson	<u>Charlie Thombs</u> Miami
<u>David Brown</u> Vanderbilt	<u>George Frazier</u> semester off	<u>Edward Jack</u> Kenyon	<u>Barrett Rose</u> Davidson	<u>Lary Underwood</u> Georgia
<u>Tommy Brown</u> Denison	<u>Mark Garton</u> Illinois	<u>Lewis Jones</u> Oglethorpe	<u>Adam Scott</u> Oklahoma	<u>Stephen Ward</u> Colgate
<u>Ryan Brukardt</u> Johns Hopkins	<u>Hugh Gaston</u> Virginia	<u>Matthew King</u> Georgia	<u>Jason Sgarlata</u> Tennessee	<u>Charles Warner</u> Richmond
<u>Derrick Buckspan</u> Vermont	<u>Toby Gibson</u> Millsaps	<u>Howard Kong</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Brandon Shea</u> Miami	<u>Robert West</u> Duke University
<u>Nicholas Clabough</u> Tennessee	<u>Jonathan Glickstein</u> Tennessee	<u>Thomas Lee</u> Boston University	<u>Sean Sherrod</u> Bucknell	<u>Chad White</u> Miami
<u>Keith Claverie</u> Yale	<u>Ben Griffin</u> Davidson	<u>Shawn Lehman</u> Emory	<u>John Sisco</u> Montana	<u>Doug Zapf</u> Mississippi State
<u>Ben Corbett</u> Miami	<u>Mark Hardison</u> North Carolina	<u>Chip Loser</u> College of Sante Fe	<u>Bradley Sloan</u> North Carolina	<u>Geoff Zimmerman</u> Vanderbilt
<u>Erik Daugherty</u> Texas	<u>Taylor Harris</u> North Carolina	<u>Rishi Malhotra</u> Washington U.	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 10px; text-align: center;"> <b>Farewell Montgomery Bell Academy -The Class of 1994</b> </div>	
<u>Joey DeLemos</u> U.S. Military Academy	<u>Bobby Hartman</u> Kentucky	<u>Brooks Martin</u> Kenyon		

**Congratulations to the  
Class of 1994**

*The Bell Ringer*  
4001 Harding Road  
Nashville, TN 37205